La Vergne inv. E. Kirkall sculp.

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THE

RESURRECTION:

A

POEM.

Written by Mr. ADDISON.

Venient citò Sæcula, cum jam
Socius Calor ossa revisat,
Animataque Sanguine vivo
Habitacula pristina gestet. Prud.

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THE PREFACE.

THE following Lines are esteemed by the best Judges to be the finest Sketch of the *Resurrection*, that any Age or Language hath produced: Nor do their only Excellence consist in being an

accurate *Poem*; but alſo in being an exact Copy of the Painter's * Original upon the *Altar* in *Magdalen* College; but ſo much improved with all the ſtrongeſt Figures and moſt lively Embelliſhments of a poetical Deſcription, that the *Reader* receives a double Satisfaction in ſeeing the two Siſter-Arts ſo uſeful to each other in borrowing mutual Helps, and mutual Advantages.

It is, indeed, wonderful to find in the narrow Compaſs of ſo few Pages all the moſt dreadful Circumſtances of that laſt terrible Criſis of Time: The *Poem* is a beautiful and ſuccinct *Epitome* of all that hath or can ever be ſaid

* *Old* Fuller.

on

on that important Subject; the very Text, which the ingenious Mr. *Young* hath so largely and elegantly paraphras'd upon in his excellent Poem on the LAST DAY.

Mr. *Addison* is to be distinguish'd thro' all his Performances both *Latin* and *English*, (and in his *Latin*, particularly in the following one, and that on the Peace of *Riswick*), by the strength of his Images, and by a forcible and unaffected vivacity of Expression, which none of our Moderns have attain'd to in so much Perfection; and which is very rarely to be met with even in any of the Antients since *Virgil* and *Horace*.

Having

Having mention'd Mr. *Addiſon*, I cannot avoid congratulating my Country on his Preferment to one of her greateſt Civil Employments; nor forbear obſerving how happy we are in a KING, who hath ſhown the World that he will diſtribute his Favours amongſt thoſe only, whom Merit and Virtue ſhall recommend to his Service.

With what uncommon Luſtre muſt that Man appear to Poſterity, who is not only the beſt Writer and moſt candid Patron of the Age he lives in; but alſo the fineſt Gentleman, the ſincereſt Friend, the moſt affectionate Husband, the moſt accompliſh'd Stateſ-

Stateſman, and the moſt exemplary Chriſtian? Under every one of theſe Views Mr. *Addiſon* gains the Eſteem and Admiration even of the bittereſt Enemies to that Cauſe which he ſo warmly eſpouſes; of the moſt furious Partiſans and the moſt prejudic'd of Mankind.

I muſt forbear to enlarge any farther on the Character of that truly great and good Man, leſt I draw upon my ſelf the imputation of a Flatterer, by relating what all the World (except himſelf only) will allow to be the ſevereſt Truth.

I ſhall make no excuſe for offering the following Poem to the World

World in an *Engliſh* DRESS, and under all the Diſadvantages of an imperfect Tranſlation. I have often read it in the Original with the greateſt Pleaſure and Satisfaction; and I hope it will need no Apology to be willing to communicate ſo uſeful and ſublime an Entertainment, in the beſt manner I can, to thoſe of my Fellow-Subjects who are not qualify'd to read it in the *Latin* Original.

THE

RESURRECTIO
DELINEATA
Ad Altare Col. Magd. Oxon.

EGregios fuci tractus, calamique labores,
Surgentesque hominum formas, ardentiaque ora
Judicis, & simulacra modis pallentia miris
Terribilem visu pompam, Tu Carmine Musa
Pande novo, vatique sacros accende furores.
Olim Planitiem (quam nunc secunda Colorum
Insignit Pictura) inhonesto & simplice cultu
Vestiit albedo, sed nè rima ulla priorem
Agnoscat faciem, mox fundamenta futuræ
Substravit Pictor tabulæ, humoremque sequacem
Per muros traxit; velamine mœnia crasso
Squallent obducta, & rudioribus illita fucis.
Utque (polo nondum stellis fulgentibus apto)
Nè spatio moles immensa dehiscat inani,
Per cava cœlorum, & convexa patentia latè
Hinc atque hinc interfusus fluitaverat Æther;
Mox radiante novum torrebat lumine mundum
Titan, & pallens alienos mitius ignes
Cynthia vibrabat; crebris nunc consitus astris

Scintillare polus, nunc fulgor Lacteus omne
Diffundere in Cœlum, longoque albescere tractu.
Sic, operis postquam fusit primordia Pictor,
Dum sordet paries, nullumque fatetur Apellem,
Cautus exercet calamos, atque arte tenacem
Confundit viscum, succosque attemperat, omnes
Inducit tandem formas; apparet ubique
Muta cohors, & Picturarum vulgus inane.
Aligeris muri vacat ora suprema Ministris,
Sparsaque per totam Cœlestis turba Tabellam
Raucos inspirat lituos, buccasque tumentes
Inflat, & attonitum replet clangoribus orbem.
Defunctis sonus auditur, tabulamque per imam
Picta gravescit humus, terris emergit apertis
Progenies rediviva, & plurima surgit imago.
Sic, dum fœcundis *Cadmus* dat semina sulcis,
Terra tumet prægnans, animataque gleba laborat,
Luxuriatur ager segete spirante, calescit
Omne solum, creseitque virorum prodiga messis.
Jam pulvis varias terræ dispersa per oras,
Sive inter venas teneri concreta metalli,
Sensim diriguit, seu sese immiscuit herbis,
Explicita est; molem rursus coalescit in unam
Divisum funus, sparsos prior alligat artus
Junctura, aptanturque iterum cocuntia membra.
Hic nondum specie perfecta resurgit imago,
Vultum truncata, atque inhonesto vulnere nates:
Manca, & adhuc deest informi de Corpore multum.
Paulatim in rigidum hic vita insinuata cadaver
Motu ægro vix dum redivivos erigit artus.
Inficit his horror vultus, & imagine tota
Fusa per attonitam pallet formido figuram.
Detrahe quin oculos Spectator, & ora nitentem
Si poterint perferre diem, medium inspice murum,

Qua

Qua ſedet orta Deo proles, Deus ipſe, ſereno
Lumine perfuſus, radiiſque inſperſus acutis.
Circùm tranquillæ funduntur tempora flammæ,
Regius ore vigor ſpirat, nitet ignis ocellis,
Plurimaque effulget Majeſtas Numine toto.
Quantùm diſſimilis, quantum o! mutatus ab illo,
Qui peccata luit cruciatus non ſua, vitam
Quando luctantem cunctata morte trahebat!
Sed fruſtrà voluit defunctum Golgotha numen
Condere, dum victa fatorum lege triumphans
Nativum petiit cœlum, & ſuper æthera vectus
Deſpexit Lunam ſignam, Solemque minorem.

Jam latus effoſſum, & palmas oſtendit utraſque,
Vulnuſque infixum pedis, clavorumque recepta
Signa, & tranſacti quondam veſtigia ferri.
Umbræ huc felices tendunt, numeroſaque cœlos
Turba petunt, atque immortalia dona capeſſunt.
Matres, & longùm mihi reddita Corpora vitæ
Infantum, Juvenes, Senes, innuptæque Puellæ
Stant circùm, æquæ avidos jubar immortale bibentes.
Affigunt oculos in Numine; laudibus æther
Intonat, & lætè ridet Cœlum omne triumpho.
His Amor imperium conceptarum gaudia mentem
Funditus exagitat, dum quæ in pectore fervent
Non æquè ceciderat flagranti corde *Sibylla*,
Hoſpite cum tumet inclauſa, & præcordia ſentit
Mota Dei ſtimulis, nimioque calentia Phœbo.

Quis tamen ille novus perſtringit lumina fulgor?
Quam Mitra effigiem diſtinxit Pictor, honeſto
Surgentem è tumulo, Alatoque Satellite fultam?
Agnoſco faciem, vultu latet alter in illo
Wainfletus, ſic ille oculos, ſic ora ferebat:
Eheu quando animi par invenietur Imago!
Quando alium ſimilem virtus habitura! ....

Irati

Irati innocuas ſecurus Numinis iras
Aſpicit, impávidoſque in Judice figit ocellos.
Quin age, & horrentem commixtis Igne tenebris
Jam videas ſcenam, multo hic ſtagnantia ſuco
Mœnia flagrantem liquefacto Sulphure rivum
Fingunt, & falſus tanta arte accenditur Ignis,
Ut toti metuas tabulæ, ne flamma per omne
Livida ſerpat opus, temereſque abſumpta recedat
Pictura in cineres, propriis peritura favillis.
Huc turba infelix agitur, turpiſque videri
Infrendet dentes, & rugis contrahit oras
Vindex à tergo implacabile ſævit, & enſem
Fulmineum vibrans acie flagrante ſceleſtos
Jam Paradiſeis iterum depellit ab orisibus.
Heu! quid agat triſtis? quò ſe cœleſtibus iris
Subtrahat? o! quantum vellet nunc æthere in alto
Virtutem colere! at tandem ſuſpiria dabit
Nequicquam, & ſero in lacrymas effunditur; obſtant
Sortes non revocandæ, & inexorabile Numen.
Quàm varias aperit veneres Pictura, peritis
Quot talami legimus veſtigia! quanta colorum
Gratia ſe profert! tales non diſcolor Iris
Oſtendat, vario cum Jmmine floridus imber
Rore niteat toto, & gutta ſcintillat in omni.
O fuci nitor, o pulchri durate Colores!
Nec, Pictura, tuæ langueſcat gloria formæ,
Dum lucem videas, qualem exprimis ipſa, ſupremam.

Jo. Addiſon, è Coll. Magd. 1699.

THE RESURRECTION A POEM.

THE Pencil's glowing Lines and vaſt Command,
And Mankind riſing from the Painter's Hand,
The awful Judge array'd in beamy Light,
And Spectres trembling at the dreadful ſight,

To ſing, O! Muſe, the pious Bard inſpire,
And waken in his Breaſt the Sacred Fire.

The hallow'd Field, a bare white Wall of late,
Now cloath'd in gaudy Colours, ſhines in State;
And leſt ſome little Interval confeſs
It's ancient ſimple Form, and homely Dreſs,
The Skilful Artiſt laid o'er every Part,
The firſt Foundation of his future Art;
O'er the wide Frame his ductile Colours led,
And with thick Daubings all the Wall o'erſpread.

As e'er yon ſpangling Orbs were hung on high,
Leſt one great Blank ſhould yawn thro' bound-
leſs Sky,

Thro'

Thro' the wide heavenly Arch, and trackleſs Road
In Azure volumes the pure *Æther* flow'd;
The *Sun* at length burns out, intenſely bright,
And the pale *Creſcent* ſheds her borrow'd Light;
With thick-ſown Stars the radiant *Pole* is crown'd,
Of milky Glories a long Tract is found,
O'erflows, and whitens all the Heav'ns around.

So when the Groundwork of the Piece was laid,
Nor yet the Painter had his Art diſplay'd,
With ſlower Hand, and Pencil more divine
He blends each Colour, heightens ev'ry Line,

Till various Forms the breathing Picture wears,
And a mute *Groupè* of Images appears.

Celestial Guards the topmost height attend,
And Crouds of Angels o'er the Wall descend;
With their big Cheeks the deaf'ning Clarions wind,
Whose dreadful Clangors startle all Mankind;
Ev'n the Dead hear; the Lab'ring Graves Conceive,
And the swoln Clod in Picture seems to heave:
Ten thousand Worlds revive to better Skies,
And from their Tombs the thronging Coarse rise,

So when fam'd *Cadmus* sow'd the fruitful Field,
With pregnant Throws the quicken'd Furrow
swell'd;
From the warm Soil sprung up a warlike Train,
And Human harvests cover'd all the Plain.

And now from ev'ry Corner of the Earth
The scatter'd Dust is call'd to second Birth;
Whether in Mines it form'd the rip'ning Mass,
Or humbly mix'd, and flourish'd in the Grass:
The sever'd Body now unites again,
And kindred Atoms rally into Men;

The

The various Joynts reſume their ancient Seats,
And ev'ry Limb its former Task repeats.
Here an imperfect Form returns to Light,
Not half renew'd, diſhoneſt to the Sight;
Maim'd of his Noſe appears his blotted Face,
And ſcarce the Image of a Man we trace;
Here by Degrees infus'd, the vital Ray
Gives the firſt Motion to the panting Clay:
Here on the guilty Brow pale Horrors glare,
And all the Figure labours with *Deſpair*.
From Scenes like theſe now turn thy wond'ring Sight,
And, if thou can'ſt withſtand ſuch Floods of Light,

Look!

Look! where thy SAVIOUR fills the middle Space;
The Godhead op'ning in his awful Face;
See! what mild Beams their gracious Influence
shed,
And how the pointed Radiance crowns his
Head!
Around his Temples lambent Glories shine,
And on his Brow sits Majesty Divine;
His Eye-balls lighten the Celestial Fires,
And ev'ry Grace to Speak the God conspires.

How chang'd from him, who came to be Be-
tray'd,
And who for Man the precious Ransom paid!

Who did on Earth ſuch arduous Toils ſuſtain,
And patient bore an irkſom Life of Pain?
But Death and Hell ſubdu'd, the Deity
Aſcends Triumphant to his native Sky;
And riſing far above th' Æthereal Height,
The Sun and Moon diminiſh'd to his Sight.

And now to View he bare'd his bleeding ſide,
And his pierc'd Hands and Feet, in Crimſon dy'd;
Still did the Nails the recent Scars reveal,
And bloody Tracks of the tranſfixing Steel.
Hither in Crouds the *Bleſſed* ſhape their Flight,
And throng the Manſions of Immortal Light;

The fruitful Matron and the spotless Maid,
And Infants, with a longer Life repaid,
Stand round; and drinking in Celestial Rays,
On their REDEEMER fix with ardent Gaze,
And all the Heav'ns resound with Hymns of Praise.
Each Bosom Kindles with Seraphic Joy,
And conscious Raptures all the Soul employ.
Not equal Raptures swell the *Sybil*'s Breast,
When by the inmate Deity possess'd;
When *Phœbus* the Prophetic Maid inspires,
And her Limbs tremble with convulsive Fires.

But whence this sudden Blaze of dazling Light!
What Mitred Brow is that, which greets my Sight?

Forth from a ſtately Tomb he lifts his Head,
And to the Skies on Angels Wings is ſped.
I know the Form--- alike the Look and Mien,
Another * WAINFLET in his Face is ſeen:
When will, alas! ſuch ſpotleſs Worth be found?
When will a Mind with equal Virtues crown'd?
Fearleſs he ſees almighty Vengeance riſe,
And fixes on his GOD his guiltleſs Eyes.

But now far different Scenes our Wonder claim,
Horrent with Darkneſs and Malignant Flame;

---

* *William Wainflet*, Biſhop of *Wincheſter*. He was the Founder of *Magdalen College*, and the *Hall* adjoining.

But

The labour'd Wall delusive Picture hides
And liquid Sulphur rolls in burning Tides;
So Strong, so fierce, the painted Flames arise,
The pale Spectator views them with surprize;
Believes the blazing Wall indeed to burn,
And fears the Frame should into Ashes turn.
Hither in ghastly Crouds the Guilty haste,
Obscene with Horrour and with shame defac'd;
With haggard Looks the gloomy Fiends appear,
They gnash their foamy Teeth, and frown severe.
A stern *Avenger*, with relentless Mind,
Waving a flamy Faulchion, stalks behind;
With which, as once from Paradise he drove,
He drives the Sinner from the Joys above.

What ſhall he do forlorn? or whither fly,
To ſhun the Ken of an All-ſeeing Eye?
What would he give amongſt the Juſt to ſhine,
And fall before Omnipotence Divine?
But oh! too late in Sighs he vents his Woe,
Too late his Eyes with guſhing Tears o'erflow!
Vain are his Sighs and fruitleſs are his Tears,
Vengeance and Juſtice ſtop th' *Almighty*'s Ears.

See! with what various Charms the Piece is fraught,
And with what pregnant Marks of Judgment wrought!
With how much Grace the living Colours glow!
Not brighter Colours paint the watry Bow;

When

When the fresh Show'rs her various Lustre share,
And ev'ry Drop with Spangles decks the Air.

O! may the Painter's Labours never fade,
Nor wastful Time their shining Charms invade,
Till the first Dawn of that Eternal Light,
Which by his fruitful Pencil shines so Bright.

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